The World.

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FASTIDIOUS LAWYERS.

LAWYERS are queer animals. One would suppose that a class of professional men who depend for support and reputation largely upon the respect and confidence of the community would wish to be popular. Apparently they don't care whether they are popular or not. And the fact is that they are not.

The efforts of the American Bar Association to throw out three negro lawyers from its membership have met with no sympathy from the public. On the other hand, Attorney-General Wickersham's insistence that the standing of the colored lawyers should be recognized has received general approval.

If the lawyers were as careful about some of their other associations as they are about consorting with dark-skinned members of their own profession, there might be less of the widespread feeling of cynical mistrust that undoubtedly exists toward them. A little of this commendable fastidiousness practised in professional matters where a color line marks the boundary of shadiness would become them far better than the present intemperate exhibition of race prejudice.

Wholesome fear of contamination in other directions might well spread a new light of openness and integrity over the profession, including its brightest crown—the Bench. With fear of contamination we might hear less about the need of recalling judges. Fear of contamination might do much toward clearing up the fogs of obscurity and delay, the technical sharp practice which now bewilder and disgust the public, and which even the Bar itself professes to deplore.

The truth is that at present the average citizen looks upon the lawyer as a queer, highly trained creature, indispensable for certain purposes, but distressfully wriggly and unreliable. The average man has an uneasy conviction, too often born of experience, that a lawyer's chief delight is to run beyond his pleadings, stir up impenetrable clouds of legal dust, secure delays on hair-splitting technicalities—in short, put spokes in the lumbering wheels of justice.

The average man probably wrongs the average lawyer. Nevertheless if the American Bar Association were to turn a little of the scrupulousness and zeal devoted to kicking out negro members in the direction of weeding its own garden, it would cut a better figure in the eyes of the nation.

CLEVER COL. HARVEY.

COL. GEORGE HARVEY works himself into a lovely melancholy in the current issue of the North American Review, figuring Presidential possibilities down to their lowest, gloomiest terms. If, he says, neither Woodrow Wilson, nor William H. Taft, nor Theodore Roosevelt gets a majority next November, and if the election of a President is thus thrown into the House of Representatives, and if the House fails to give any one of the three candidates enough votes for a choice, and if a Republican Senate has meanwhile elected the Republican candidate for Vice-President, then verily will James S. Sherman succeed William H. Taft as President of the United States. And if the Senate becomes deadlocked, maybe we will get Philander C. Knox!

Very clever of Col. Harvey! So clever that it reminds us of Clever Elsa in the German fairy tale, who was sent to the cellar to draw a pitcher of beer. She was gone so long that the whole family descended to see what was the matter. They found Elsa sitting beside the cask in floods of tears. Pointing to a pickaxe hanging on the wall above the cask, she sobbed: "Ach Gott! If I grow up, and meet a nice young man, and he asks me to marry him, and we have a child, and send him to the cellar to draw beer, and the pickaxe falls on him and kills him, what a terrible misfortune it will be!"

Whereupon Elsa was hailed as the cleverest girl in Christendom.

A WOMAN EDITOR of the National Woman's Suffrage Association believes that married women can perfectly well stick to business positions. In fact she predicts that "housework will be completely commercialized in time. The wife will be able to arrange matters so that even children will not interfere with her profession. Trained specialists can offer them better care than they could receive from their mothers."

And if all else fails, and worst comes to worst, we suppose even in the last extremity there will still be—father!

Letters From the People

Father's and Son's Age Again.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I should like to offer a simple algebraic solution to the problem of the "father's and son's age.' While that of Thomas Walsh is correct, it seems to me a rather long drawn out method of reaching the answer. Let x equal father's age, y equal son's age. Then $\frac{y-8}{8}$ equals $\frac{x-8}{8}$, $\frac{y+8}{2}$ equals $\frac{x+8}{2}$.

Simplifying, 8 y — x equals 56, 2 y — x equals — 8, 6 y equals 64, y equals 10 2-3 or ten years and eight months, x equals 29 1-3 or twenty-nine years and four months. J. L. DANZIGER.

Montreal.

Post-Vacation Hints.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Now that people are beginning to come back from vacations and from commuting, I suggest that they continue in town the exercise and outdoor life that made the country so beneficial to them. It is perfectly possible, and I prescribe it for my own patients. Every one can make time to walk for an hour daily, to be in the parks, to sleep in well ventilated rooms, to eat simple food and to keep out of doors every minute one can. For the next three months the weather will be fine for outdoor exercise. Take it, readers. Don't throw away the good of your country summer by keeping mewed up in the house all the time except Sunday afternoon. Get out and walk briskly whenever you can. But if you all did that we doctors would starve to death. BROOKLYN DOCTOR.

Legal Aid Society, 239 Broadway.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please let me know where a woman can get legal advice free of charge or at nominal rates. She was deserted by her husband and has two children and is without means of support. H. K.

The Jap Wedding.

"FROM beginning to end, curiously enough, religion does not play even a small part in a Japanese wedding. No priest appears at any stage. On the evening of the great day the bride, with a white silk covering on her head and face, and entirely dressed in pure white—not the color of joy, but of deep mourning, for the girl is now parting forever from her own parents, more so, indeed, than if it was death that had taken her away, for after death her spirit would continue to be present in the home of her childhood, whereas now both body and spirit are gone—is carried to her new home. There she changes her mourning for a festal garb. A feast is celebrated * * * the young couple withdraw and * * * in the presence of only the middleman and his wife and of two young girls who act as servants, they pledge each other in very solemn form, three times from each of three cups. This ceremony * * * is the essential part of the marriage celebration."—Japan of the Japanese, by Joseph H. Longford.

Can You Beat It?

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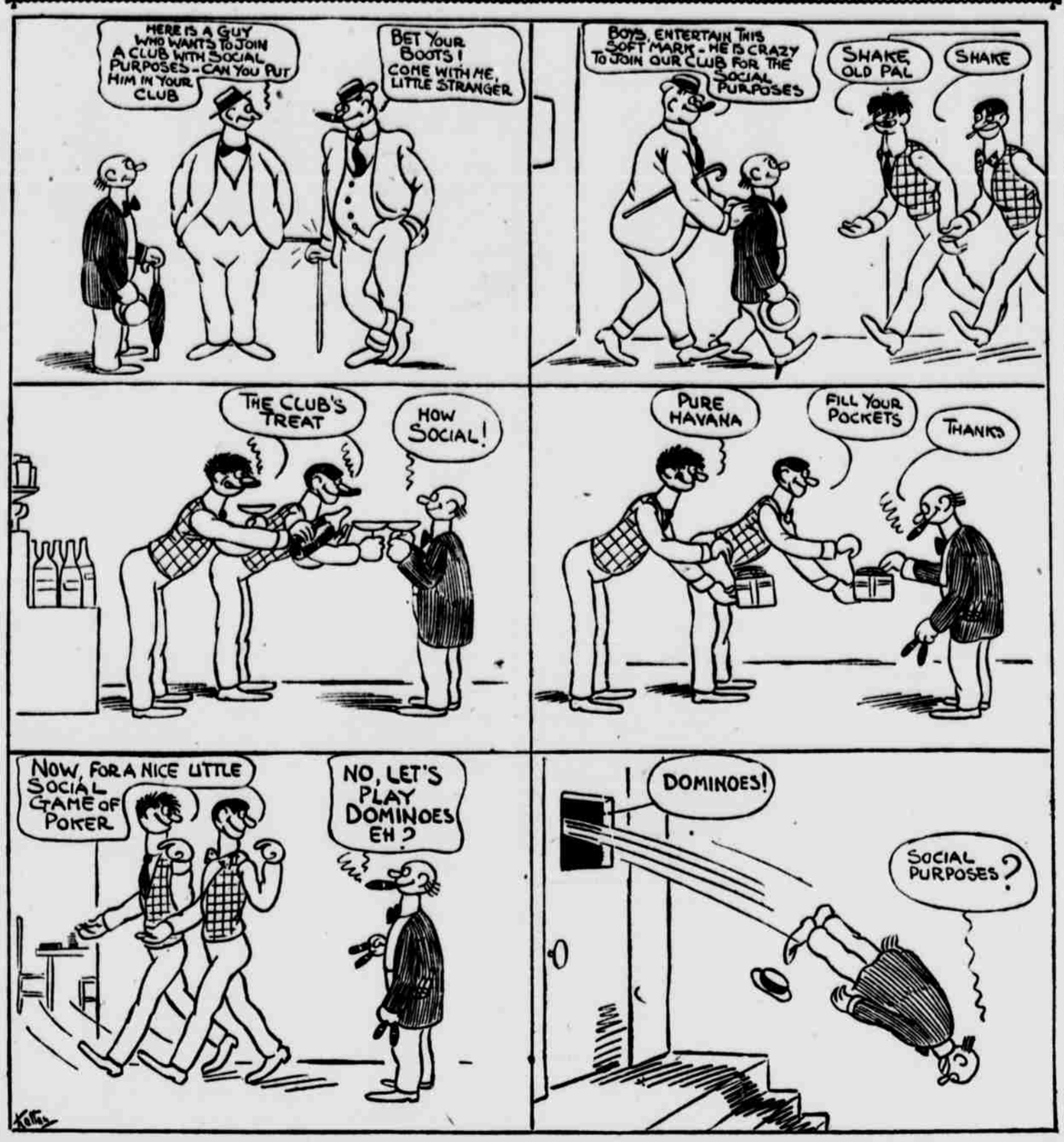
By Maurice Ketten



The Conquests Of Constance

THE TENOR.

(SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR AT THE HOTEL RICH)

By Alma Woodward

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"SOME weather—what!"

"Yes; the kind of weather to tell things—to open one's soul, as it were," I contributed.

"Say, you ain't been to Newport, lately, have yuh?" Constance inquired with much concern, "you sound bon-tonny!"

"You know I'd never go to Newport," I answered in the same vein, "I'm afraid my gentle nature would be sadly startled by the diddings there!"

"Oh, you Sunday school!" she jibed. "Say, do you reely think all the things you read about in the papers happen up there? "Well, we always got a bunch uv 'em stoppin' here an' I ain't never seen 'em do anything that'd raise hair on a punkin. They always look to me like they wuz in the last stages uv somethin'—never no snap to 'em, except in their clothes. The Americans an' the English don't carry no fizz with 'em. It takes the Eyetalians an' the Frenchies!"

"Now, Connie, where do you get your information on such faraway products? from 'Cars, the Spanish Lover,' &c?"

"Nothin' doin'!" she retorted indignantly. "All last winter didn't we have the whole cheese in opera birds stayin' here? SOME ginger, snap it from me!"

"Weren't you attracted?" I teased.

"Me? Nix! I had my shot at a warbler once—an' never again!"

"Tell about it."

"He wuz a tenor. The real thing. Not the kind what makes hisself a tenor by dislocatin' somethin' in his neck."

"Falsetto?" I murmured.

"It wuz when he'd churn up one uv them real tuneful throbbers like 'My Knees Are At Thy Feet' with all little, whistly frills at the top. I'd have a spasm—just get careless about my future, yuh know! An' it would 'a' been all right if he could a' sang all the time. But when he wuzn't singin' he wuz the fussiest piece!

"He wouldn't eat nuts an' he wouldn't eat vinegar; an' Manhattan cocktails burned his left tonsil an Martinis scorched his right one! An' yuh know it's goin' to take SOME importance to make me forfeit my eats. So I begin to get wise that I wuz goin' to shake him.

"Then, one night it wus chilly an' we wus goin' down to a swell cafe fer dinner, an' he met me, all bundled up in a ton of cloth, with a silk sheet 'round his neck. He looked fierce, to begin with. An' when we sat down I wus cold as anythin', 'cause there wuzn't any interlining in my coat. So I says:

"'I'll have a old-fashioned whiskey cocktail, please.'

"An' when I swallowed it, I felt that maybe he wuzn't such a lemon, an' I got so enthusiastic that I leaned over the table to him an' said:

'Hello, dear!'

"An' say, a look like he wus being hung by the neck came over his face an' he says, cold like:

If you don't mind, please talk in the opposite direction, 'cause the fumes of the alcohol you have drank, irritates the delicate membranes uv my nose!'

"Well, I give him a look that must 'a' chloroformed at least three uv his high notes an' I got up an' said:

'Say, Montmorency, you're gettin' too touchy! There ain't no whiskey made that has odor uv honeysuckle an' wild roses! Right here's where we separate our souls—s'long!' "

Fables of Everyday Folks

WHEN FATHER WORKS

(UP-TO-DATE PARABLES FOR EVERYONE)

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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ONCE upon a time there was a workingman. He worked from morning until night. He was honest and industrious. But he succeeded.

He began very humbly and was willing to climb, slowly, steadily, surely. He did. In the meantime he married a woman who climbed with him. But she saw the ladder soaring HIGHER than he did. So when he accumulated money she accumulated IDEAS about it.

The couple had a daughter. But she came after the struggling period was practically over and at the time that the mother was beginning to soar.

After the coming out she was "eligible" (whatever that is) and the hunt for a husband was on. With the mother it was very much on. In fact, it was ON THE BRAIN. Since through a good match she saw in the middle distance another step in the social climb.

She looked about her over the market for men, saying, "I wonder whom I'll have for my daughter?" The market of men knew there was money there and they were on the job. Also the mother knew the same thing, and she was on the job. It was the case of the highest bidder. That is, the highest "social" bidder.

The bidders went on the theory that "faint heart never won fair money." They were not faint. At the same time, father's money kept on multiplying, as money has a way of doing when it is on the move. And mother's ideas multiplied just as rapidly.

Therefore, it came to pass that the eligibles about home were "not good enough." Some HIGH SOUNDING foreign name was the thing. So she took the girl "by the lily white hand and led her across the water." There were many high sounding names there. The mother never reasoned the old bard's philosophy of "What's in a name? * * * A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

A count came along. He was no-account. He also had a crest of old standing and a crust of "nerve." But he had a very long name. That SETTLED it. He was the man. Now during all this time father was so busy making money that he was only a SILENT partner in the matrimonial end of the business. The young woman was her father's daughter and had looked not unkindly on one of the foremen in her father's industries.

They came home and brought the count with them. Merely as a matter of form Father was CONSULTED. He consulted the girl. Then he had something to say. It went something like this:

"Not much! If he wants to marry her, let him take her without money and without price. I don't propose to have worked all these years to build up old ruined castles in Spain. She shall marry the man who knows how to climb even as her father did. For she is her father's daughter."

The count flew to his home that day. The mother flew into hysterics that day. The daughter flew down to the shops that day.

"TIS A HARD-WORKING FATHER THAT KNOWETH "WHAT'S WHAT" EVEN IF HE KNOWS NOT "WHO'S WHO."

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl.

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FLIRTATIONS are just the ragtime of love.

A man spends his youth in worshipping an ideal and then marries the first woman who has the audacity to come along and shatter it to splinters.

When a man has recovered from his headache he may want more champagne, but not from the same bottle; and when he has recovered from a love affair he may want more love—but not from the same girl.

If every man who rails against the emancipated business girl would expend the same amount of time and energy in making a home for one of them he would accomplish a lot more toward exterminating the species.

Mendelssohn gave us the ideal wedding march, but think what an ideal divorce march Wagner might have written if only he had tried!

Ambition takes the place of love in a woman's life just about as successfully as an ice-cream soda takes the place of a good dinner.

Theorists may declare that it is folly for a woman to expend all her time and intelligence on domesticity, but any woman who succeeds in making a home and rearing children needs all the brains and time that God ever allotted to one human being.

Never judge a woman's temper by her "telephone voice" nor a man's income by the nonchalance with which he pays the wine check.

Women Heartbreakers Of History

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

No. 42.—QUEEN, ELIZABETH.

"HOW tall is the Queen of Scotland?" demanded Queen Elizabeth of the Scotch Ambassador.

"About two inches taller than your Majesty," was the reply.

"Then," announced Elizabeth, "she is just two inches too tall for perfect beauty."

No one laughed at the bit of sublime vanity. No one dared to. For by saying on that same vanity Elizabeth's courtiers won their way. But to an outsider, Elizabeth's placid claim to "perfect beauty" must have caused a smile. For she was scrawny, sharp-featured, with beadlike black eyes, big teeth (blackened by over-use of tobacco), a hooked nose and an enormous flaming red wig. Not by any means the ideal type of heartbreaker. Yet she broke many hearts. Yes, and many lives.

She was the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Her girlhood was darkened by her mother's tragic fate, and she was neglected in many ways. But nevertheless the girl managed to acquire an education such as was granted to few women of her day. After her father's death, and when Elizabeth was but fifteen, Lord Seymour fell violently in love with her. There is every reason to believe she loved him. But even then her shrewd brain was very much alive. And, as always, she made it rule her heart. Two lives—those of her brother Edward and her elder sister, Mary—were between her and the English throne. But both Edward and Mary were sickly and might well be expected to die young. Should she marry Seymour, Elizabeth must give up her claim to the royal succession. So she did not marry him.

The Last of Many Lovers.

Soon Edward died and Mary came to the throne. Elizabeth was accused of conspiring against her sister and was thrown into prison. She was soon released, but was always kept under close watch as long as Mary lived. In 1558 Mary died, and Elizabeth, who was then twenty-five, became Queen of England.

For the next forty-five years she ruled England. And a wonderful Queen she was. During her reign there was a grand advance in education, literature, colonization, national power and prosperity. As a queen she was a genius. As a Woman she left much to be desired.

Among the first of the many men who loved her and with whom she flirted outrageously, was Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. He was a crafty politician, and managed to profit vastly from Elizabeth's favor. He even aspired to marry her. But for some reason the match fell through. When, later, he dared to marry another woman, Elizabeth, in a fit of jealousy, deprived him of his offices and sought to imprison him.

Another of her favorites was gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, who named the newly discovered Virginia Territory in her honor. Raleigh, like Leicester, had the effrontery to marry a woman he loved. And Elizabeth had him thrown into prison for it. She was horribly jealous. As jealous as she was vain. And woe betide the man on whom she chanced to cast a favoring eye, if he showed the faintest preference for any one else!

An Austrian Grand Duke, two French princelings and several other sprigs of royalty sued in vain for Elizabeth's hand. She coquetted with each—and ended by rejecting them all. She never married. Perhaps for fear of sharing her power; perhaps because she could not make a happy choice among so many suitors; perhaps for another reason that was advanced at the time.

A Duel Between Heart and Brain.

The Earl of Essex, a fiery, discontented man, was the last of her avowed adorers. And she probably cared for him as deeply as she could care for any man. But there was a violent lovers' quarrel (caused, it is said, by his seeing her one day without her wig), and Essex was forced to leave Court. He stirred up a rebellion against her. He was captured and beheaded. His death caused Elizabeth almost insane grief. Yet she might easily have prevented it; and she did not.

At last, in 1603, bitterly lonely, her glory waning, too old to be attractive even to the grossest flatterer, Queen Elizabeth died. She left a record of a golden reign; and of a personal character and career far more remarkable than admirable.

A POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA.

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311. What are the different kinds of clouds?
312. What is the difference between dew and rain?
313. Why is rain-water better than any other for plants?
314. What is light?
315. Why do all other things appear dark after we have looked at the sun?

THESE questions will be answered Monday. Here are replies to Wednesday's.

306. (Why do clouds sometimes vanish suddenly from the sky?)—A dry wind, blowing over them, draws off their moisture, carrying it away in invisible vapor.

307. (Why does wet weather depress one's spirits?)—The air, being laden with vapor, contains proportionately less oxygen.

308. (What is the difference between a fog and a cloud?)—A fog is a cloud which comes in contact with the earth's surface.

309. (Why is a halo around the moon an indication of rain?)—Because it is formed by a fine rain falling in the upper regions of the air. The larger the halo the nearer the rain clouds, and the sooner may rain be expected.

310. (How did the phrase "A feather in his cap" originate?)—In Hungary an ancient custom forbade any man to wear a feather in his cap until he had slain at least one Turk. Hence the presence of such a feather was a sign of prowess.

The May Manton Fashions

NO frock ever devised is prettier for little girls than this simple one. It means very few seams and very little labor, yet it is attractive and becoming in the extreme. The front and back portions are cut separately and joined by means of shoulder and under-arm seams and the one-piece sleeves are stitched to the armholes. On the figure the dress is shown with shaped trimming portions finishing the neck and sleeve edges, and it is very attractive treated in this way; but it can be cut with high neck and standing collar and with long sleeves gathered into bands to be somewhat more practical and plainer in effect. The closing is made at the back with buttons and buttonholes that extend for the entire length, so that it is quite easy to launder. This dress is made of blue Scotch gingham trimmed with blue and white plaid, but lightweight wool materials such as challis, albatross and the like are used for dresses of this sort as well as washable fabrics.

For the 8-year size the dress will require 2¾ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36 or 2⅜ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yard 27 for the trimming.

Pattern No. 7567—Girl's Dress, 6 to 10 Years.

Pattern No. 7567 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8 and 10 years.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.